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THE Nation

JULY 14, 1956
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The Warren Court

Turn Toward Liberalism

by C. Hermann Pritchett

Wiretap on 57th Street

by Walter Goodman

Presidential Poll Results

The Nation's *Readers Speak*

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LETTERS

Venerable Liberalism

Dear Sirs: Mr. Gordon Harrison's able essay, A Balance of Fears (June 16), well illustrates the difference between the journalistic approach and the historical. "Old-fashioned," the epithet he hurls impartially at the three books he reviews, is a journalistic term. A three-year-old car is old-fashioned. The "liberal wave" of 1932 — New Deal, Brain Trust, Popular Front — is a back number. It needed a disatrous depression, a stubborn conservative leader, a particularly supple and skillful Progressive — a coincidence which may never happen again. My liberalism, I submit, is not old-fashioned: it has attained the dignity of a period piece. It goes back not to the nineteen thirties, not to the eighteen nineties, but to the eighteenth century and even to the seventeenth. Sixty years ago, long before M. Harrison was born, I was consciously fighting the five great anti-liberal heresies of the Western world: racial pride, the Leviathan national state, the party system, the profit motive and the sectarian church. The middle-aged may be old-fashioned: the very old are venerable.

I still believe that no progress can be achieved except through persuasion: Lenin and Stalin have been retarding agencies. I do not believe in a self-appointed set of "intellectuals" assuming leadership of the masses: I believe, with Descartes, in appealing to the common sense of the common man. We have discovered the folly of matching bomb against bomb: if we want to win over the neutral world, we shall have to match reason against reason.

If we are swamped by mass production, we also have mass education; and we are achieving mass security and leisure, without which thought cannot be free. It is not more hopeless to try persuasion today than it was a hundred or two hundred years ago. It seems hopeless only to the Laodiceans. The chief obstacle is not the stupidity of the masses nor the cleverness of the profiteers, but the defeatism of many intellectuals.

Albert Guérard

Stanford, Calif.

The Sobell Case

Dear Sirs: The Nation deserves our gratitude for publishing Stephen Love's well-reasoned and convincing article on The Sobell Case (June 23). The author reports that counsel for Sobell has filed a petition before the same trial judge who sentenced him asking for a new trial. [The petition was denied —*Editor*]. I do not know if it is a general American procedure for the trial judge to have a monopoly on decisions for new trials. It was so in the case of the Rosenbergs. To a layman this seems an absurd and unfair practice. Judges are human beings. Like other men they find it difficult to come to the conclusion that a verdict reached after careful deliberation may have been wrong. Is not this a matter urgently calling for reform?

William Landauer

Storrs, Conn.

Small Business . . .

Dear Sirs: It is regrettable that Carey Mc Williams' excellent article (June 30) on the role of small business in defense procurement was marred by erroneous conclusions about small businesses' attitude toward the cold war. True, small business gets the small end of the stick when contracts are passed out, and most small business men who are in a position to do defense work are anxious to get their share. But this simple fact in no way justifies the conclusion that the spokesmen of small business are "mostly cold warriors" or that "big business is less warlike than small business."

Mr. McWilliams exaggerates the importance of the defense-procurement problem to most small businesses. Only a tiny fraction of this country's small business men are in a position to do defense work; most are concerned with far more pressing problems—such as a tax structure which operates unfairly against them, the steady trend of mergers which threatens to swallow them and the tight money market which limits their growth. I have studied the testimony of scores of small business men before Congressional committees and I can assure you that your statement that the spokesmen of small business are "cold warriors" is extremely unfair to a group of citizens who are no more or less warlike than any other segment of our economy. Surely, small business has yet to produce a "cold warrior" to match labor's Mr. Meany.

Furthermore, I would like to see some factual support for Mr. McWilliams' notion that small business is responsible for the Democratic Party's demand for higher military appropriations. As one who has attempted to organize small business along political lines, I find that the vast majority of small business men

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NEXT WEEK

Frederick L. Schuman, noted historian, begins a four-part series on The New Russia in next week's issue of The Nation. *Mr. Schuman has just returned from the USSR, where he visited Moscow, Leningrad and Stalingrad, among other cities, and talked to many Soviet political and cultural readers.*

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EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

Results of the *The Nation's* Presidential Poll

THE TABLE below shows the results of the Presidential Preference Poll conducted by this magazine among its readers. The outcome reflects the pre-convention thinking of a fair sample of the country's independent liberal vote — a vote which in many past elections wielded the balance of power in several key states.

The attentive reader will draw his own conclusions from the table, but perhaps some comment on certain aspects may prove helpful to him. The eight pairings listed in the lower half almost certainly include the one which the voter will actually face on Election Day. Our idea in presenting all eight was to measure the strength of (a) an Eisenhower-Nixon ticket and (b) an Eisenhower-X ticket (X representing someone less controversial than Nixon) against each of the four

	TOTALS
Giving due weight to the health factor, do you believe Eisenhower should run again?	
Yes	107
No	1553
Who is your preference as Democratic nominee for President? VOTE FOR ONE.	
Harriman	111
Kefauver	239
Stevenson	1211
Symington	15
If Eisenhower runs with Nixon as his running mate, and any of these four Democratic alternatives is given you, how do you think you will vote on Election Day? CHECK ONE BOX IN EACH PAIRING.	
Eisenhower and Nixon	87
Harriman	913
Eisenhower and Nixon	57
Kefauver	979
Eisenhower and Nixon	46
Stevenson	1463
Eisenhower and Nixon	157
Symington	715
If the GOP choses a less controversial figure than Nixon as Eisenhower's running mate, and any of these four Democratic alternatives is given you, how do you think you will vote on Election Day? CHECK ONE BOX IN EACH PAIRING.	
Eisenhower and X	227
Harriman	769
Eisenhower and X	150
Kefauver	863
Eisenhower and X	90
Stevenson	1397
Eisenhower and X	354
Symington	524

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front-running Democratic Presidential candidates.

Not all who returned ballots made eight choices, however. Some voted only four; a few voted two or one. In some cases voters undoubtedly misunderstood instructions, but in most instances — as comment scribbled on the returned ballots makes clear — the abstentions were deliberate. "If the Democrats nominate anyone but Stevenson, I may not go to the polls at all," wrote one voter. Another voter noted alongside the Eisenhower-Nixon vs. Symington pairing, "If this will be my choice on Election Day, I'll stay home and sulk — and so will a hell of a lot of others." A third commented: "If either Stevenson or Kefauver runs, I'll stay home and play tiddly-winks with my cats." Still another from a reader who returned a blank ballot: "We need a third party; neither of the existing ones gives the people a real choice." A few voters could not make up their minds when confronted with the Eisenhower-X ticket. "Because of Eisenhower's health," wrote one, "I must know the identity of X before I can make a choice." Another remarked: "The question of X is not whether he is 'controversial' or not; the question is, will he belong to the liberal Eisenhower-Warren wing of the GOP? Until I know, I can't make up my mind."

Most of our voters, however, completed the ballot in accordance with instructions, so that the totals provide a fair picture of what we were trying to find out. And one general conclusion that can be drawn is that the Republicans have the best chance of capturing the liberal independent vote if they drop Nixon — and if the Democrats are obliging enough to nominate Symington. Contrariwise, it is clear that the liberal independent vote will go overwhelmingly Democratic if Stevenson is the Democratic nominee and the GOP retains Nixon. "I'd write in the name of Senator Phog," noted one voter, "rather than vote for any ticket that included Nixon."

The poor race run by Symington in all categories is an interesting phenomenon, considering the Senator's relatively liberal record on domestic issues. Here again ballot comment may help to explain our readers' thinking. "War monger!" wrote one voter alongside the Senator's name. "The fear of war is overplayed already," wrote another, "and I cannot feel that Symington would help." Still another, who preferred Eisenhower and X over either Harriman or Symington, explained: "I believe that foreign policy is the most important issue of the day." The same concern with the war-and-peace issue was manifested on several ballots which favored Eisenhower and X over any of the Democratic candidates. "I believe Ike has proved himself a man of peace," wrote one voter. "I'm a Democrat," wrote another, "but I don't trust any of the Democrats on foreign relations."

A final comment may throw some light on what independent liberals think of the campaign to date. *The Nation* ran a Presidential Preference Poll in 1952 under regulations similar to these under which this poll was run. In both instances, to discourage multiple voting, we printed only one ballot; in both cases, too, readers had to address their own envelopes and pay their own postage to return the ballots. Yet this year, from a readership substantially the same in size as that of 1952, we received 50 per cent fewer ballots. A good part of the explanation lies in the fact that only a few days before the ballot appeared, President Eisenhower was removed to Walter Reed Hospital and doctors replaced politicians on the front pages of the newspapers. This has been a lull in the campaign; will it prove a lull between doldrums? Voters will certainly be shaken out of their apathy if, once the conventions are over, the candidates get down to real issues. And a decision by President Eisenhower to withdraw would obviously change the whole nature of the campaign.

No matter who the candidates, there is every reason to believe that the independent liberal voter will again play his traditionally vital role in the key states where, more often than not, Presidential races are decided.

Testing Time In Poznan

IF ANYTHING is certain about the bloody and futile uprising in Poznan, it is that its roots lay in economic misery. For a year now, the management of the giant Zispo plant has been manipulating the work "norms" so that wages — already inadequate — have been shrinking steadily. These disguised pay cuts have been a detail on a huge canvas of distress — of low wages, prohibitive prices and meager supplies. What might have brought the distress to a peak was that this was June, the month when the old stocks of food run short and the new crop is not yet gathered.

Poland has been in ferment since March, when her leaders began to echo the Soviet attacks on Stalin. In the elapsed months, there has been a broad relaxation of political tensions. An amnesty in April freed 30,000 prisoners and cut the sentences of 40,000 others. The top figures in what one Communist leader has called "vengeful justice" have been fired. More than a fifth of the Secret Police strength has been lopped off and those who remained were ordered to observe "Socialist legality." A new legal code had been drafted, and — for the first time — submitted to something like a public debate. Some of the scandalous "yellow-curtain stores" — the well-stocked establishments in which the Red elite could shop in curtained-off privacy — have been closed. And speech has become freer than

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at any time in the history of this "people's democracy." No country in East Europe, in fact, has matched Poland in the fierceness or candor of the attacks on Stalinist excesses.

But if the political restraints have been eased, economic reform has not kept pace. Vague promises of a richer life have not been matched by more and cheaper goods on store shelves. In Poznan as in Warsaw, a Pole had to queue up to pay $2 a pound for meat — when there was meat; or nearly a month's wage to re-sole his shoes; or two months' pay to buy a shoddy suit. In general, the party line has remained what it was under Stalin: all effort into heavy industry and let the consumer get along as best he can. Twenty-four hours after the fighting broke out in Poznan, Premier Josef Cyrankiewicz had gone on the air to admit "economic difficulties" in that city, and promise relief. But these soft words were drowned by sounds that had the old Stalinist ring — threats to punish the Poznan party leaders for their lack of "vigilance," mass arrests, summary trials and charges that the uprising had been inspired by "hyenas from the West," or more specifically the American Central Intelligence Agency and the West German *Gehlen Buro*.

It is true that the uprising had some intriguing features. Notable among these was the precise, almost military, co-ordination of the attacks on the key buildings (the police armory, the party and Secret Police headquarters, the office of the prosecutor, the prison, the city hall and the radio-jamming station) and the suddenness with which a seemingly orderly demonstration turned to violence. There is also no doubt that the West German intelligence organization of General Reinhard Gehlen has been very, very busy in East Germany, Poland and Czechoslovakia. But once all this is noted, the Polish party leaders might be reminded that no revolution is imported. At the most, ousiders — whether from the *Gehlen Buro* or from Poland's own underground — might have provided direction. But all the elements of a popular uprising were already there.

Poznan offers communism its first real test since Khruschev's attack on Stalin. Party leader Edward Ochab and Premier Cyrankiewicz can revert to the Stalinist methods of purge and violent repression. Or they can treat the uprising as a symptom of general distress and initiate broad economic reforms, even if this means slowing down the pace of heavy industrialization. Thus in the coming weeks Warsaw may provide the first real clue as to just how genuine is the promise of a better life one has been hearing in the past four months from the Communist East.

THE WARREN COURT

Turn to Liberalism . . *by C. Hermann Pritchett*

AS THE third term of the Supreme Court under Chief Justice Warren closes, its growing support for civil liberties makes clear that the Court has turned one of its historic corners. The last corner was turned, and in the opposite direction, in the summer of 1949, when Justices Murphy and Rutledge, two of the staunchest libertarians in the history of the Court, died only a few weeks apart. Their vacancies allowed President Truman to make the last two of his four appointments—Vinson, Burton, Clark and Minton. The marked absence of sensitivity in this group to the importance of freedom of speech and association so diluted the libertarian concern characteristic of the Roosevelt Court as to turn the Vinson Court into a major disaster for civil liberties in America today.

Chief Justice Warren

A "box score" on judicial decisions is an inadequate and to some degree a misleading device, but it can sum up major trends without too much distortion. The Vinson Court from 1946 to 1953 decided 113 civil-liberties cases which were sufficiently controversial to cause division of opinion among the justices. Of this number only forty (35 per cent) were decided favorably to the civil-liberties issue raised. The record of the individual justices in supporting libertarians' claims in these cases will be found in a box on the next page.

Personnel-wise, the Warren Court is changed in only two respects from the latter period of the Vinson Court —by Chief Justice Warren himself, and John M. Harlan, appointed to replace Jackson in 1955. However, this time the changes, unlike those in 1949, occurred on the less liber-

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tarian side of the Court, so that almost any shift in direction had to be for the better. That such a shift is taking place can be seen from the fact that of the forty-two non-unanimous civil-liberties decisions thus far made by the Warren Court, twenty-five (60 per cent) have been favorable to the liberty claimed.

These twenty-five decisions vary greatly in importance, but some of them have established principles of considerable significance. In a number of instances the protective ruling is derived directly from the Constitution, thus placing it beyond the power of any legislature to dispute. In the Emspak and two related 1955 decisions, the Court gave a broad interpretation to the right of witnesses to claim the protection of the Fifth Amendment before a Congressional Committee, and firmly rebuked the McCarthyite contention that the Fifth Amendment is somehow un-American. The Court has continued to reject movie censorship on First Amendment grounds. In the Minker case, the Court held unconstitutional a slick device thought up by the Immigration Service by which a naturalized citizen was subpoenaed as a "witness" although what the service actually sought was evidence against the man himself for denaturalization purposes.

Other noteworthy Constitutional decisions are to the effect that using a psychiatrist's wiles to get information from a criminal suspect amounts to unconstitutional coerced confession, that systematic exclusion of persons of Mexican race from Texas juries is a denial of equal protection, and that it is contrary to due process for a veteran, after discharge from the army, to be tried by court martial for a crime allegedly committed while he was in service but not discovered until after his discharge (the Toth case).

THE Supreme Court, however, generally attempts to escape ruling on Constitutional questions if a case can be decided on any other basis, such as statutory construction. For years the tribunal avoided a clear-cut ruling on the constitutionality of racial segregation, but in 1954 the Warren Court decided it could no longer in good conscience refuse to face the issue. But even the present Court has not gone out looking for Constitutional causes. For example, it has avoided consideration of any of the basic Constitutional issues raised by the Truman-Eisenhower loyalty-security program, though critical of its operation in other respects. In the Peters case, the Court transformed what had been expected to be a real Constitutional test into a technical problem of administrative law; the Loyalty Review Board was held to have acted contrary to Presidential order in reviewing a case on its own motion and barring an employee who had been twice cleared by an agency review board. In the recently decided Cole case, the Court concluded that President Eisenhower himself had violated a 1950 statute by extending the security system to employees in non-sensitive positions whereas Congress had intended to authorize coverage only of positions concerned with the nation's safety.

Where the Court's ruling is simply based on its interpretation of a statute, Congress can in effect veto the decision by amending the statute. On the day after the Cole decision, Representative Walter introduced a bill in the House to restore the President's power to fire employees from non-sensitive jobs on security grounds. An even better illustration is provided by the Nelson case, in which a conviction under the Pennsylvania Sedition Act was reversed by the Court on the ground that Congress intended the Smith Act to pre-empt the field of anti-sedition legislation. A bill declaring that this was not the intent of Congress has already made substantial progress.

Even when the Court does rest its decision on a Constitutional base, the resulting protection may be narrowly limited. In the Slochower case, a five to four decision held unconstitutional a New York law requiring the automatic dismissal of a city employee who took the Fifth Amendment in an official inquiry. However, there seems little doubt that Slochower can be removed if it is done in a "non-automatic" fashion, with refusal to testify used merely as an indication of unsuitability for municipal employment.

Libertarian Record

	Per Cent
Murphy	100
Rutledge	96
Douglas	89
Black	87
Frankfurter	61
Jackson	31
Clark	24
Burton	22
Minton	14
Vinson	14
Reed	13
COURT	35

Source: Pritchett, *Civil Liberties and the Vinson Court*, p. 190.

WE MUST take account also of the seventeen decisions in which the majority of the Warren Court voted against the civil liberties claimed. This group includes the Ullman ruling validating the federal Immunity Act of 1954 under which witnesses in national-security cases can be compelled to testify before a grand jury or Congressional committee on a guarantee of immunity from prosecution for any unlawful acts uncovered by the testimony; the Jay case, just decided, where a five to four vote upheld the government's right to use confidential and unrevealed information in denying clemency to a deplorable alien; and the Smith ruling that wives of army personnel who accompany their husbands abroad on military occupation duties are subject to the jurisdiction of military courts.

Nevertheless, the total impact of the Court's libertarian decisions has been considerable—in Congress, in public discussion and—quite significantly—in the lower federal courts. The Supreme Court itself has not ruled recently on the scope of Congressional investigating power, but there has been a spate of district court decisions tending to restrict the abuses of Congressional committees. Typical is Judge Keech's ruling in the Icardi case that a committee had conducted an illegal "legislative trial." Of comparable interest are the recent lower court decisions questioning the State Department's assumption of unlimited power to deny passports. It seems unlikely that federal judges would be making such decisions if they

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did not think there was some indication the present Supreme Court would back them up.

The same point has gotten across to the Justice Department. A federal appeals court recently held that the Coast Guard's security system for maritime workers was unconstitutional because of its use of "secret informers." The Department of Justice decided not to appeal the case to the Supreme Court.

WHO SPEAKS for civil liberties on the present Court? First, of course, there are Justices Black and Douglas, whose positions need no comment. They continue to hold the views—and the courage to express them—which led to their dissents in the original Smith Act case.

Next comes Justice Frankfurter. There can be no doubt as to his genuine devotion to the basic freedoms, but a hyper-ratiocinative approach and self-doubts about the role of the judge have often prevented him from actually casting his vote for the libertarian position. His differences with Black and Douglas are well illustrated by the Ullman compulsory-testimony decision, which he wrote and from which they dissented. He is much more deferential toward legislatures and executives than they are, but he shares fully their deep respect for due process. This was demonstrated by his decision in the Subversive Activities Control Board case, where the Court sent back the board's finding that the Communist Party was a "Communist-action organization" and so subject to the penalties of the McCarran Act. The finding, Frankfurter said, was tainted by reliance on the evidence of three paid witnesses against whom uncontested charges of perjury had been made by the party. Frankfurter and the Court majority insisted that this record be cleared, even though the board had announced that it would have come to the same conclusion without using the tainted evidence.

If Justices Black, Douglas and Frankfurter are to pick up a fourth vote, it is almost certain to be that of the Chief Justice. Warren has shown no hesitation in joining this group in dissent. In several cases he has dissented with Black and Douglas when Frankfurter was with the majority. Better known, of course, are the cases where he has stated liberal doctrine as author of the majority opinion. This includes not only the segregation cases, but such other significant libertarian decisions as the Emspak, Peters, Nelson and Mexican jury cases.

Warren's comments in the Emspak case, where he came to the defense of the Fifth Amendment, were unusually telling and courageous. Emspak had tried to claim the privilege against self-incrimination without invoking the Fifth Amendment in so many words, apparently in order to avoid the censure now commonly attaching to "Fifth Amendment Communists." Warren replied that if this was Emspak's purpose, the defendant was justified. "If it is true that in these times a stigma may somehow result from a witness' reliance on the Self-Incrimination Clause, a committee should be all the more ready to recognize a veiled claim of the privilege. Otherwise, the great right which the clause was intended to secure might be effectively frustrated by private pressures."

If Black, Douglas, Frankfurter and Warren agree on a civil-liberties case, but can get no further support, then of course they are a dissenting minority. But with one additional vote, they constitute a majority. Their best chance of securing that vote lies with Clark or Harlan.

Tom Clark has been the surprise of the present Court. Anyone knowing his reputation when he joined it in 1949 could be pardoned for thinking that American liberalism was in for a rough time if it had to depend on him. He had been Attorney General when the federal loyalty program was initiated. He issued the first Attorney General's list. He began the first Smith Act prosecutions. He had earlier been involved in wartime Japanese relocation. Vinson wanted him, it was rumored, so that there would be one man on the Court who knew less law than the Chief Justice.

Now he has become the swing man on the Warren Court, and the strange thing is that he is swinging in the civil-liberties direction with some frequency. He wrote the Slochower decision and the original opinion striking down movie censorship. He wrote the opinions in five recent decisions concerning conscientious objectors and military service. In four of these five he upheld the claims of the objector on the ground that the selective service boards had denied claims to exemption without evidence or without following due process requirements. In a case where a local "peace" committee was denied permission to use a public-school building as a forum, which the Court majority refused to hear on the ground that no Constitutional issue was present, Clark joined Warren, Black and Douglas in dissenting. He was part of the libertarian majority in the Toth, Peters and Nelson cases. He was the swing man in the five to four Griffin decision holding that Illinois was obliged to furnish a free trial transcript to a convicted burglar for appeal purposes, where a plea of indigence was made.

Naturally Clark's record is not all like this. For example, he wrote the dissenting opinion in the Cole case, protesting that the Court had struck down "the most effective weapon against subversive activity available to the Government." And he wrote a bitter protest against Frankfurter's opinion in the SACB-Communist Party case, which he contended gave the party the benefits of delay on a "flimsy pretext."

AT ONE time it appeared that Clark was much more likely to support libertarian causes than Harlan, but now Harlan's dissent in the Emspak and Slochower cases has been somewhat offset by his majority votes in the Cole and Nelson cases. Harlan's brief service on the Court gives scanty basis for generalizations, but the opinions he has so far written give the impression of keen analytical competence with no particular commitment or emotional involvement one way or the other.

Finally, there are Burton, Minton and Reed. If there is a dissent against a libertarian position, it nearly always includes one or more of this group. Of the three, Burton most often shows libertarian sympathies, as is demonstrated by the following table giving the voting record of

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all the justices (except Jackson) during the past three years as measured by the support for libertarian claims in forty-two non-unanimous civil-liberties cases.

Black	98
Douglas	98
Frankfurter	76
Warren	73
Clark	51
Harlan	40
Burton	26
Minton	7
Read	5
COURT	60

It would be error to build too great expectations for the Warren Court on the basis of this record. After all, the original Smith Act decision is still in effect. The Court, it is true, has accepted for review new Smith Act convictions from Pennsylvania and California testing the same provisions upheld in the 1951 Dennis case, and has also agreed to review the Lightfoot and Scales convictions under the as-yet-untested Communist Party membership provisions. But it would take a confirmed optimist to predict that the Dennis decision will be reversed.

Similarly the Warren Court has not yet seen fit to tackle the Constitutional objections to the federal security system. Neither has it faced the crucial test of enforcing its segregation decision, though there can be little doubt as to the determination with which it will meet this challenge. It has taken only partial steps toward protecting the Constitutional position of aliens and naturalized citizens.

Finally, it should be recognized that part of the Court's more favorable record on civil liberties may be due to the somewhat improved climate of opinion in the country at large. Nevertheless, a corner has been turned and the Warren Court is entitled to some of the credit.

"LIBERATED" GUATEMALA

Giveaway Plus Takeaway . . *by David Graham*

Mexico City

TWO YEARS have elapsed since the so-called Liberation of Guatemala by Colonel Carlos Castillo Armas, but the State Department's earnest protégé has never stopped showing where he stands, as events of the last few weeks have shown. His expressions of solidarity with those who put him in power (foreign capital and domestic feudalism) have, if anything, become more profuse with time—and more concrete.

With respect to Guatemala's natural resources, for example, the Colonel has blandly unveiled a giveaway program that makes even his own personal followers gape. Toward labor, on the other hand, he has adopted a firm takeaway policy.

But Guatemalans (Guatemalans-in-exile, that is) who are still flailing away at Central America's traditional boss, the United Fruit Company, are letting their conditioned reflexes get the better of their native clairvoyance in matters political. For recent developments have made plain that as far as American interest in Guatemala is concerned, bananas are or soon will be pretty small potatoes compared with the black gold in which, the oil industry seems confident, the country is rich.

Since Castillo Armas took over, most of the big American companies have rushed to file applications for exploration rights. On May 28 a subsidiary of the Signal Oil and Gas Company of Los Angeles landed the first concession — rights to some 671,000 acres. Further grants will have to wait until overlapping claims have been ironed out. Concessions totalling more than half the area of Guatemala have already been solicited.

Not that the Armas government has slighted any of its old sponsors. Hastening to recognize Trujillo and Franco, dissolve Congress, whittle down the electorate, levy a "liberation tax" and pass a law against "dangerous thoughts," the Colonel proceeded to restore all the lands expropriated from United Fruit and to abolish the tax on all interest, dividends and profits payable to investors living outside the country—as a result of which $11,000,000 cascaded into the lap of a single foreign-owned company.

Nothing better illustrates the orientation of the new regime than its attitude on oil and its attitude toward labor. The new policy on oil is a complete about-face. In spite of their noisy Communist fringes, the Arévalo-Arbenz regimes — the two administrations which preceded Castillo Armas—were intensely nationalistic and consequently suspicious of the United States which, it is universally believed south of the border, has been controlling and exploiting Central America for these sixty years.

To draw up his Petroleum Code, therefore, President Arévalo called in an Argentinian, Urtado Mendoza. The latter came up with a law so nationalistic that thereafter only two or three companies even nibbled at a Guatemalan deal. Which was all right with the Arévalo-Arbenz crowd; they preferred to let the stuff stay in the ground rather than have it pumped out at a fat profit to foreigners. Under the code, Guatemalans had to own 51 per cent of any exploiting company, and the oil had to be refined in Guatemala.

Castillo Armas hadn't been in power six months before he began softening the nation's oil laws by means of executive decrees. Enacted before the existence of a Constitution, his oil legislation has been on

DAVID GRAHAM, a free-lance writer, recently returned from Guatemala, which he has visited several times. An article by him, Castillo's Guatemala, appeared in The Nation *of May* 21, 1955.

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a level with his "election" to the Presidency, when voters were invited to step up to the polling places and shout out whether they were for or against him. Only 200,000 of 3,000,000 Guatemalans wasted their breath. Guatemala's tragedy has always been blended with farce.

One of the most interesting aspects of the new Petroleum Code, promulgated July 8, 1955, is its stipulation that the authorization of concessions is the prerogative of the Executive—of Castillo Armas, that is, whose term of office lasts until 1960. Various American and Venezuelan experts drew up the code, and its provisions differ markedly from those written into law by President Arévalo's advisors. Guatemalan petroleum can now be extracted by anybody and exported in the crude state (and resold to Guatemala as gasoline). The maximum tax on production is 50 per cent of the net profits—although on its part the Venezuelan government, in reopening contracts with the American oil industry, is currently bucking for a 60-40 split, as are the Italians. The code sets forth an elaborate procedure for determining "net profits," but one wonders if the government will ever know whether or not the exploiting companies have arrived at these estimates correctly. It has not been the custom for big foreign companies to give the Guatemalan government a peek at their books.

Castillo Armas has likewise reversed his country's labor policies. Under the Arévalo and Arbenz administrations, labor was encouraged to form unions, both industrial and agricultural. The program was hasty and artificial, being long overdue, and undoubtedly a lot of anti-employer, anti-U.S. sentiment was whipped up by Communist agitators prowling along its edges. (The success of the agitators was hardly astonishing after the centuries of absolute bondage in which two-thirds of the Guatemalans had lived.) The great achievement of the Arévalo-Arbenz administrations, which followed the ugly dictatorship of Ubico and his medieval torture chamber, was to give the average Guatemalan something really new—a sense of self-respect and personal value.

Then the Liberation was hoisted into the saddle by U.S. intervention and secured with good old-fashioned fascist decrees. Castillo Armas didn't wipe out the labor movement, he simply decapitated it—every labor official in the country got the ax. And before a union could start up again, it had to choose leaders acceptable to the dictatorship. One can imagine what kind of a labor movement the United States would have if all its leaders had to be "cleared" by Senator McCarthy.

As a result, working conditions under the present regime have become so shocking, with landowners seizing the property of peasants by burning them out and government tribunals striking down labor's most respectful pleas as Communist agitation, that the scandal of it has begun to leak into the press—not only the kept press of Guatemala, but the Luce press, which two years ago was hailing the Liberation with jubilation. The following description of the kind of persecution Guatemala's small farmers have been suffering appeared in *Time's* Latin American edition for June 11:

> Hoping that the Government would relent (and restore the corn patches from which they had been evicted), the dislocated peasants stayed around San Martin until planting time last month. Then, faced with the stark prospect of being unable to sow corn to feed their families, thirty-two of them [met] to choose a commission to appeal to the authorities. The meeting was hardly begun when it was surrounded by the town's police chief, mayor and cops. The thirty-two Indians were trussed in ropes, trucked off to Guatemala City. The charge: "Communist activities."

"The charge collapsed," *Time* con-

Diego Rivera on Guatemala's "Liberation"

Secretary Dulles called the overthrow of the Arbenz regime by Castillo Armas a "glorious victory." Mr. Rivera used the phrase as the title for this mural depicting Castillo Armas, with a pocket full of American dollars and backed by his supporters, shaking hands with Mr. Dulles while John E. Peurifoy, then Ambassador to Guatemala, looks on.

In a letter giving *The Nation* permission to reproduce the mural, Mr. Rivera wrote: "Among the pictures which I have painted in recent years I esteem this the most. . . . It is inspired by precise and objective observation of the social crime committed against Guatemala by the dark forces of imperialism which I have refused to call Yankee because, like the people of Guatemala and Mexico, I love the Yankee people—the people of Jefferson and Thoreau, of John Brown and Lincoln and Walt Whitman. . ."

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cluded in a happy-ending vein, "the peasants were freed." And so they were, but they had been given a lesson, and they didn't get back their land—one of the big landowners who had dispossessed them was a minister in the government.

Castillo Armas decapitated the labor unions, and now the headless chickens are coming home to roost. Even the government's hand-picked labor leaders are crying out against government policies. Said one of them, L. F. Balcarcel, in a May Day speech that was printed in *Prensa Libre* (but not delivered, the speaker having been howled down by anti-government demonstrators):

> In the past year we have seen working conditions and the life of the people grow worse . . . with increasing unemployment and, consequently, a shrinkage in consumer buying power and a decline in commercial and industrial activity. [This despite the fact, I might add, that the United States has pumped nearly $50,000,000 into its newest dependency.] Unemployment is especially severe in the rural areas, where assaults on the agrarian reforms by persons and minor officials of a totalitarian stripe have forced hundreds of small farmers off their lands and thus cut production, chiefly of corn and beans, which are the basic foods of most Guatemalans.
>
> The labor and agrarian laws have aggravated the problem by facilitating layoffs and evictions. . . . The scarcity of work and land, the decline of national production and the stagnation in commercial activities have raised the cost of living. But the latter is decidedly not the result of workers getting higher wages; on the contrary, the employer class has been inhumanely lowering wages, especially in the country, where certain unscrupulous employers are paying as little as 20 and 30 cents a day.

Equally critical of the government's treatment of labor was Serafino Romualdi, Inter-American Representative of the AFL-CIO:

> Vigilance against the return of communism via the labor movement is understandable. . . . But what good is this vigilance on the part of political and judicial authorities, if, at the same time, the government is helping the underground Communist movement with its growing tendency to curtail labor's rights and trim the stipulations of the Labor Code? How can anyone hope to check renewed Communist agitation as long as Guatemalan tribunals continue shamelessly espousing the side of the employers, permitting the labor laws to be violated with impunity, and ignoring the persecutions of rural workers by landowners? [Published in *Prensa Libre*, May 26, 1956.]

Thus, there have recently been three open and violent attacks on the Castillo Armas regime, namely: the May Day demonstrations, the university students' rag at Easter time and the demonstrations of June 25 in which at least three students were killed by police bullets.

The annual student rags, which consist of a parade with floats and satirical skits, have always been political in nature; but never have their attacks on the government been more direct or brutal. The Archbishop, a founder-member of the Order of Liberation, denounced the skits as not only sacrilegious, but pornographic. One of the skits commenced with a prayer: "Our Father who art in Washington."

In Guatemala the students don't go in for sports much; they go after unpopular governments. When they get support from the army, the government is doomed. The Guatemalan army is more a police force than anything else, though it has been armed to the teeth by Dulles under the ludicrous pretext that it can help the defense of the continent. Often in the past it has served as an army of occupation, herding its own people around at the pleasure of the reigning political boss. Fortunately, however, there are sizeable military elements who stand ever ready to make lightning adjustments to political change. And the question which Castillo Armas, mindful of the Easter, May Day and June demonstrations, must be pondering is: how loyal *is* the army?

"The Spirit of May Day" as seen by a staff artist for El Estudiante, *a Guatemalan paper which doesn't think much of the Armas regime.*

Savagely as the students attacked at Easter time, they were cloaked in the immunity of their traditional blow-out. Not so with the demonstrators who flocked into Guatemala City's main square on May Day. The dictator had paid for the festivities out of his own pocket, it was said; but under the windows of the National Palace the demonstrators shouted their anti-government slogans, howled down the official speakers, took over the meeting and through captured loud-speakers hurled "Fiery protests against the Liberation and the present regime."

Of the ringleaders, one has since been beaten and jailed; another has disappeared altogether. All this was at least reported in the newspapers. But the laws are so written that Castillo Armas can clamp down on the press any time he chooses, even as the new Constitution provides that he can cancel civil liberties. Accordingly, on June 24, claiming to have discovered still another Communist conspiracy, the government imposed a "voluntary" censorship on the press and declared a thirty-day "state of siege" during which civil liberties are suspended.

While never attacking the dictator directly, leading Guatemalan dailies were for a while critical of administration policies and the men surrounding Castillo Armas. But here again the university students were well in the lead with their vitriolic *El Estudiante*, the only real opposition paper in the country and the one with the largest circulation. "If [Castillo Armas] is a Doctor of Laws," the paper commented on Columbia University's bestowal of an honorary degree on the dictator, "then any of us students can claim the Rectorship of Oxford."

On March 1, *El Estudiante* said:

> Today, with the illegal and arbitrary promulgation of a new constitution on the part of the usurping Liberation Government, they

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pretend to legalize the most nauseating treason, the vilest insult that has ever been inflicted on Guatemala. . . . We conclude: (1) That Carlos Castillo Armas never was, has been, nor ever will be the legitimate President of Guatemala and that all the acts he has undertaken in his pretended official capacity are null and void; (2) That the convocation and acts of the Constitutional Assembly and the promulgation of the new constitution are illegitimate acts in which the political freedom of the Guatemalan people had no part.

On June 24 *El Estudiante* was suppressed.

The Guatemalan Bar Association, apparently sensing a change in the political weather, is pressing the dictator to permit the return of exiled lawyers, including former government ministers, whose property was confiscated because they failed to climb aboard the Liberation. Foreign diplomats feel that anything can happen in Guatemala. A prominent business man said the dictator's prestige has never been lower, that no politician who isn't already committed to him would go near him, and that if United States support were withdrawn, he would collapse. *Nuncio Libre,* shedding crocodile tears over the May Day humiliation, wrote of him: "He can count on nobody and have confidence in nobody."

United States support—that is the question. Unless the oil industry demands an even more generous giveaway program than it has already wangled, the Administration in Washington seems almost as firmly stuck with Castillo Armas as it is with Chiang Kai-shek. Secretary Dulles' lone triumph has been his "glorious victory" in Guatemala. Can he now let Castillo Armas down?

If left to themselves, the Guatemalans are not likely to tolerate long their dictator, the man who handed labor over to the big landowners and the foreign corporations—the man who is regarded by friends and enemies alike as the chief instrument of Yankee intervention.

Hugger Mugger in the 57th St. Galleries

by Walter Goodman

ONE MORNING in the summer of 1954, Emanuel J. Rousuck, vice president of the Wildenstein Galleries —one of the largest international art dealers in the world—received a visit from an old friend, John G. Broady. Now, one might have expected that the entry of Mr. Broady, a private detective who was soon to be proclaimed the nation's foremost wiretapper, into the rarified atmosphere of Wildenstein's richly appointed East 64th Street salons would have caused at least a small explosion. But the Messrs. Broady and Rousuck had apparently long since achieved a chemical compatibility. In the course of their eight- or nine-year acquaintance, private detective Broady had performed numerous services for Mr. Rousuck. As the latter himself recalls: ". . . from time to time he checked on various people for me, got information for me. When I wanted to get the pedigree of a man or something, he would find out as to what he was and so forth."

On this particular morning, Broady made a point of going to the men's room after the amenities of greeting had been completed—leaving his briefcase behind on a chair in Mr. Rousuck's office. When he returned, he strode to the briefcase, snapped open the lock, accomplished some rapid technical maneuvers and played off for the man of art a tape recording of every word that had been uttered in the office during their brief separation. At the conclusion of this dramatic offering, Mr. Rousuck recalls, his friend advised him that "it was a very good thing to get information from time to time . . . and it was perfectly legal."

Mr. Rousuck accepted this statement at face value, but he let the opportunity pass anyway. Some weeks later, however, after Broady had repeatedly reminded him of the resource which was, so to speak, going untapped, the art dealer admitted to the private detective a large curiosity about the operations of an eminently successful rival named Rudolph Heinemann. "Do you think you could get me the information as to what has been going on?" he inquired.

Broady did indeed think so. As a matter of fact he had been tuning in on Mr. Heinemann's phone calls for the preceding eight months from his wiretapping headquarters at 360 East 55th Street. Mr. Heinemann, whose residence at the Ritz Towers put him within the compass of Broadys' extensive East Side operation, is a

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prominent art expert and dealer who works closely with the Knoedler Galleries, Wildenstein's arch competitor. With a host of important and intimate contacts in art centers around the world, Heinemann is able to lay his hands on valuable pictures for Knoedler to dispose of at a substantial turnover. As the *nouveau riche* in New York these days far outnumber the *vieux riche* in Europe, a seller's market exists here for objets d'art. The problem is getting the merchandise. The man who can track down and obtain the most desired paintings is an important man. That Mr. Rousuck should have taken so personal an interest in Mr. Heinemann's telephone conversations was a tribute to the latter's connections.

Once each week after the agreement had been made, a man named Louis Arion—another friend of Mr. Rousuck—delivered to the Wildenstein vice president a record wrapped in a brown paper package, for which Mr. Rousuck paid "$125 or $150; I don't recall exactly." The art dealer took the disc home with him and played it on a phonograph purchased especially for these weekly occasions. He listened in on conversations in English, French and German. He heard Mr. Heinemann discourse with Gelbert Kahn, a well-known patron of the arts. He intercepted many of Heinemann's conversations with the Knoedler Galleries, as well as with his stock broker and ticket agent. Once Rousuck called Heinemann himself just for the satisfaction of hearing his own voice on the next weekly record.

This Heinemann-to-Broady-to-Rousuck arrangement lasted until February of last year when the 55th Street wiretap den was raided and Broady and his associates were put under arrest. Mr. Rousuck told the foregoing story at the trial in November, which resulted in the sentencing of his old friend to two to four years in prison. The Wildenstein Galleries announced after this testimony: "Mr. Rousuck has tendered his resignation."

The resignation was still hanging fire four months later when M. Knoedler and Company brought a $500,000 suit against Wildenstein and Company, Georges and Daniel Wildenstein and Mr. Rousuck himself for damages resulting from the wiretap. Although Broady's associates have testified that they had listened in on Knoedler's three lines from February through October of 1954, Mr. Rousuck has declined to accept the credit for authorizing this particular effort. Knoedler nevertheless seemed to take Rousuck's guilt for granted and explained in March why the resultant pain to an art dealer was worth a half million dollars:

> The nature of plaintiff's business requires that it keep confidential a large volume of information, including, but not limited to, the names of its customers and potential customers, the sources of works of art, the prices quoted for works of art and the identity of works which are or may be offered for sale. Important portions of its business are necessarily transacted over the telephone.

The counsel for Wildenstein countered with more vigor than clarity:

> It would appear that Knoedler has instituted this action for selfish business reasons, hoping thus to obtain unfair competitive advantage. The Wildenstein Galleries, established over eighty years ago, have a reputation which is unequalled in this field. The Wildenstein Galleries welcome this opportunity to prove, in open court, that Knoedler and certain persons associated with them, have deliberately perverted the testimony in the recent Broady trial.

At the moment, it appears highly unlikely that Wildenstein will get this fine opportunity, since the case is well on its way to being settled out of court.

Just what return did Rousuck get for his $2,000? Well, once he found out that Heinemann was cancelling theater tickets to a Broadway show and another time he discovered that somebody was giving a dinner party for an acquaintance from Baltimore. The most relevant piece of news he came upon was that the Heinemann-Knoedler team had sold Van Eyck's "Rothschild" Madonna to the Frick Museum for $750,000—the highest price paid for a painting since Andrew Mellon's purchases from the USSR two decades ago. When the sale was closed, all parties were pledged to secrecy for six months. Within days, the deal was the talk of 57th Street. The Knoedler forces charge the leak to Rousuck.

Perhaps the most provocative aspect of the whole affair is the state of mind revealed by the Knoedler complaint against Wildenstein. It alleges:

> ... Defendants obtained much information which, in the interests of plaintiff as well as its clients, was of a confidential character, and defendants used such confidential information to compete unfairly with plaintiff. The possession and use by defendants of such confidential information caused plaintiff serious injury in its business, goodwill and reputation, in that defendants utilized such information to compete with plaintiff for the acquisition and disposition of works of art, and in that doubts were created among plaintiff's clients as to the reliance which could be placed upon plaintiff to maintain the confidential character of information acquired from such clients.

Shades of Sherlock Holmes! No matter that all Mr. Rousuck got for his $2,000 was early news of his rival's triumphs and a great deal of embarrassment. No matter that the $500,000 suit will probably be settled with a quiet handshake. On 57th Street there is more at issue than the matter of keeping secret the immense profit that a middleman runs up on the sale of a single item in a world of ethereal values, where buyers and sellers conspire to perpetrate an outrageous parody of a supply and demand curve.

The significance of the Wildenstein-Knoedler row lies in another realm. It helps to preserve the art world's illusions about itself in an age of disillusionment. By rating its

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secrets at $500,000, Knoedler's has helped to reassure the fellow denizens of its odd world that they exist apart from the main stream—that they, at least, still cherish Intrigue, Mystery, Romance and other obsolete virtues.

Our art dealers, breathing the air of more regal centuries in their everyday labors, absorbing it from their deep carpets, their red velvet walls, their heavy gold-threaded chairs, as well as from the pictures themselves, have apparently been infected with certain tingling court conventions. It is not unfitting that Mr. Rousuck of Wildenstein, a firm that specializes in eighteen-century French works, should have turned to a wiretapper for an assist. Would Talleyrand have done otherwise? Broady is the contemporary version of that minor, yet indispensable, character in dozens of old melodramas—the shady noble who actually purloins the damning letter, who overhears and relays the crucial conversation. When it comes to paintings, all conversations are clearly of this character.

The world at large tends to view the small art-dealing fraternity as rather a precious phenomenon. And so it is. But it takes imagination to exploit the imaginative creations of others into a flourishing trade. Art dealers are not mere commissionaires; they are adventurers on the high seas of luxury and prestige where other adventurers, learning of the treasures in the hold, the millionaire in the cabin, may swoop down and take all before home port is reached.

Behind the decorous facade of New York's art galleries runs a network of dark and curious alleys. And through these alleys night after night pad nameless men dressed in black, their shapeless hats pulled low over their eyes, their shoulders hunched, the odor of the snooper's world around them. Who is that particularly nasty looking fellow skulking at this very moment in the shadows between those decaying buildings? Why, he's a Wildenstein agent (or is it a Knoedler agent?) on his way to a rendezvous with the wastrel scion of a grand old Viennese family which has had a priceless Rembrandt in its possession for six generations. Three hours of debauchery in a Grinzing saloon and the boy will have sold his birthright for a mess of Rhine wine. In the distance, the Orient Express shrieks terribly into the night.

EYES ON THE CONSUMER

GOP'S Forgotten Man . . *by Wilfred Lumer*

FOR THREE years the Eisenhower-Humphrey program has been devoted to building up private investment through tax and other incentives to carry the main burden of supporting economic growth and stability. The consumer sector was relegated to a secondary place. Today this fact seems to be boomeranging on the Administration. For despite the largest investment boom on record, the tapering of the rate of growth in consumer spending has brought the expansion of 1955 and early 1956 to a standstill.

The optimism which has characterized Administration and business circles in the last few years has given way to caution. Secretary Humphrey speaks of "rolling readjustments"; Secretary of Commerce Weeks sees "obstacles" to growth and admits the economy is "spotty"; a note of uncertainty about a fall pickup in automobile sales in a speech by Henry Ford II is followed by a sharp drop in stock prices. While *Business Week* hails business plans to boost 1956 capital spending by 30 per cent as "the most important story of 1956 for business," key industrial purchasing agents stress the "need to brake the 1955-56 inventory build-up," according to the *Wall Street Journal.*

Failure of consumer spending to reach expected levels had suddenly turned what seemed to be reasonable inventories into a $6 billion headache. Layoffs previously concentrated in autos and farm machinery are now beginning to be felt in rubber and other consumer industries. Auto workers laid off and not recalled totalled 170,000 in mid-May. That month the Department of Labor forecast further payroll declines over the next few months in auto plants and in areas specializing in farm machinery and major household appliances. While these cuts were expected to be more than offset by added hiring in steel, aircraft, metal products and electrical machinery, some steel officials were hinting that a 10 to 15 per cent cut in operations may be necessary this summer. (Comment on the steel strike emphasizes that most steel companies had planned to slow operations this month anyway.)

These are the early results of the first phase of weakening in the consumer sector—the period when consumer spending is still rising, but at a slower rate. According to the Department of Labor, man-hour output rose about 10 per cent in manufacturing industries between 1953 and 1955. Even at the peak of the 1955 boom, production-worker employment in manufacturing fell far below the peak 1953 level. During this two-year period there was a decline of 700,000 factory production-worker jobs; it has been the increase in trade and service industries, as well as in state and local government payrolls, which has kept total employment figures steadily rising.

It should be emphasized that I have so far been confining my comments to the effects of a mere slow-

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down in the rate of consumer spending. Personal income is still rising. Total personal consumption expenditures have not yet declined.

Federal purchases are stabilized at a high annual rate of $46 billion while state and local government spending is expected to increase by $2 billion this year. A 20 per cent decline in housing activity has been partially offset by rising industrial and commercial construction. Business spending for machinery and equipment is on the upgrade, due principally to the low ratio of machinery and equipment prices to wage rates paid by users of capital goods. Here is an example of how increases in productivity per worker in the manufacture of equipment is making it profitable for consumer-goods manufacturers to substitute machinery for labor. This phenomenon in itself represents an obstacle to increased spending rates.

Stubborn consumer behavior in the next six months could produce swift changes in business spending plans. Business men know from long experience that a top-heavy inventory position spells trouble. Prolongation of inventory liquidation could quickly change the picture with respect to output, jobs and incomes. It would effect producers' machinery and equipment purchases as well as commercial and industrial construction. Here are some key questions that need answering before one can say what the last two quarters of this year will look like:

Can business men reduce inventories if consumer spending remains stable?

Can consumer spending remain stable while output and inventory adjustments are being made?

If consumer spending starts to decline, will business men keep their spending plans intact?

Mere stability in consumer spending will not be sufficient. In order to bridge the inventory liquidation adjustment successfully and to justify the ambitious expansion programs now planned by industry there must be a renewed *upsurge* in consumer buying. Where will the stimulus for such an increase in spending rates come from? Would an easing of the extremely tight credit restraints now imposed by the Federal Reserve Board be followed by a rise in installment buying? *Fortune* magazine recently pointed out that, to maintain the past rate of growth in consumer credit, "installment debt per debtor must increase *much faster* than it has increased in the past seven years. This would put an intolerable burden on consumers." (Emphasis mine.) *Fortune* also warns that a credit binge might end up with a substantial number of consumers "boxed in by their own fixed payments, unable to respond to the lure of relaxed terms—indeed to any lures."

A well known New Dealer, commenting on this dilemma, facetiously suggests a way out. When consumers become hocked to capacity, he advises, let us take a leaf from Old Testament days and proclaim a "Year of Jubilee." According to this ancient practice, all debts were wiped off the slate and everybody started from scratch. The idea has so far escaped the attention of the Madison Avenue boys—but who knows what 1960 will bring?

In addition to the relaxation of present credit restraints, there are other methods which can be used to provide the needed stimulus to consumer spending. Substantial wage increases in steel, spreading to other industries this fall, could provide wage-earner families the wherewithal for increased purchases. (A limiting factor in this connection, however, is the determination of steel and other industries to raise prices more than wages to provide the extra profit margin that finances new capacity and rising dividends. Obviously, if the purchasing power of newly won wage increases is immediately cut by price increases, consumer demand cannot be expected to rise very much.) Tax cuts offer still another way of stimulating consumer demand. However, the totally irrelevant criterion of a "sizeable" budget surplus is being used to determine whether we can afford a tax cut.

The Federal budget position in fiscal 1956 has been very deflationary. This is one of the reasons why Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey and Chairman Arthur Burns of the Council of Economic Advisors may have balked at the latest Federal Reserve credit restriction. Public estimates have grossly underestimated the budget surplus, with which the Administration has clearly been playing politics. The budget estimate in January indicated a prospective $200 million surplus. In mid-May the Treasury revised the estimate to $1.8 billion.

But even this figure is suspect. The conservative Joint Committee on Internal Revenue's estimate is $2.3 billion. An unidentified Treasury spokesman hinted that the Secretary might agree to a tax cut if the surplus proved that large and if economic conditions warranted. The size of the reduction, its effective date and how it would be distributed all would have a bearing on the degree to which consumer spending would be affected.

Some politically conscious analysts have assumed that in an election year Republicans will encourage a renewed upsurge in consumer installment buying by relaxing credit restraints, failing to oppose vigorously wage increases in steel and other industries, providing props to falling farm incomes—and calling for a last-minute tax cut if necessary. The Administration has already moved in the farm area; credit will be eased shortly; no pressure is being exerted to discourage a substantial steel wage settlement. Only taxes remain unchanged so far. And when it is considered that adding Pittsburgh and Chicago to Detroit and Flint in the surplus-labor market category could cost Ike the election this November, one must assume even taxes will be cut to prevent such a shift.

In effect, the outcome of the November elections will be determined in large measure by what the consumer does this summer and fall. The Administration can be counted on to try hard to influence that behavior. There is a fine bit of irony in the picture of an Administration's political fate hanging upon the behavior of the consumer sector of the economy, a sector which it disdainfully ignored for three years in favor of creating a climate and providing incentives for the financial and investor groups in the economy.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Strategy for the Next Plateau

THE TRANSFORMATION OF MAN. By Lewis Mumford. Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

By J. Bronowski

LEWIS MUMFORD in a long and impressive sequence of books has steadily followed a single theme: the contrast between the world as it is and as it could be. Other social thinkers may be charmed from their path by one technical marvel, or driven mad by another; they may sink in the bitter bog of a political or a religious cure-all. Mr. Mumford never swerves and never slackens. He keeps fresh before him the liberal vision, which goes back to the eighteenth century (that is, to the beginning of machine industry), that men have now the means to make their lives as rich as they wish—or rather, as rich as they will. And for him, the task of the social critic is to turn the wish into will.

We have all learned, sadly, that this is not an easy undertaking, and many have come to despair of it. To them, what is self-evident is no longer attainable; the sense of helplessness lies like lead on their actions. This makes Western statesmen so maladroit when they compete with Eastern for the privilege of helping the undeveloped countries: they cannot summon the young and buoyant belief in the adventure of technical civilization which unites the have-nots.

Mr. Mumford observes this loss of nerve sharply:

> The sudden evaporation of meaning and value in a civilization, often at the moment when it seems at its height, has long been one of the enigmas of history: we face it again in our own time. If the values of civilization were in fact a sufficient fulfillment of man's nature, it would be impossible to explain this inner emptiness and purposelessness. Military defeats, economic crises, political dissensions, do not account for this inner collapse: at best they are symptomatic, for the victor is equally the victim and he who becomes rich feels impoverished. The deeper cause seems to be man's self-alienation from the sources of life.

The last sentence, of course, is only a paper diagnosis; in itself it says no more than the descriptive sentences which precede it, namely that something is felt to be missing. Unlike other modern prophets, however, Mr. Mumford has worked for the right to use such shorthand; he does not merely give an apocalyptic name to what is missing, he traces its ancestry and its morphology. The greater part of this book is an imaginative history of the interplay of mind and function in the development of man and his societies, in which Mr. Mumford tries to reach back to the inalienable "sources of life."

Mr. Mumford holds that there have been six critical steps in human development. First is the long transformation from animal to man: the growing freedom of response conferred by the intelligence, the elaborations of dream and foresight, of memory and symbol—all the complex of capacities which give man pictures of the past and the future to consider, communicate and choose. This transformation was begun more than a million years ago, and reached the point of human speech about a hundred thousand years ago.

Second came the development of agriculture and its tools, about ten thousand years ago: a culture characterized by the rule of elders, tradition and taboo. Third came, about five thousand years ago, city civilization, which is based on specialization and the division of labor, and is characterized by rigid social organization and by absolute government.

Fourth is the growth of what the author calls (after Karl Jaspers) the axial religions, about two and a half thousand years ago: the human movements which flow beyond the loyalties of kinship and state, and find their inspiration in a sense of the unity of the creation and the value of the individual. Fifth is the period of local cultures, states and classes in the Old World before the Industrial Revolution; and sixth is the step to modern man as we know him, taken in the discovery of the New World, the Renaissance and the Scientific and Industrial Revolutions.

THIS is an enormous panorama, and Mr. Mumford's mosaic manner of compression sometimes makes the writing seem synthetic, with the marrow gone: we feel at times that we have been given a rubber bone. But broadly the description commands respect and assent, and his attempt to construct both a personal and a social psychology for each period is impressive. This is the way that we have come, more or less, in mind and skill and organization. What next?

Next, says Mr. Mumford, must come another radical transformation of man, for without it we shall drive our present development to disaster.

> Man's humanity is now threatened by the possibility of relapsing into a barbarism more elemental than has ever been encountered in historic times. Though culture itself tends to be cumulative, in the process of taking it over each generation starts from scratch. Without parental love, without filial veneration, without a secure sense of the future, the very effort to become human may miscarry. Through over-reliance upon mechanism and automatism our generation has begun to lose the secret of nurturing man's humanness, since he gives too little care to the conditions that make each member of the community sensitive, tender, imaginative, morally responsible, self-governing, disposed to imitate human ideals and to emulate ideal examples of humanity.

This is a sound warning; then how are we to forestall the disaster of which it warns? What directions does Mr. Mumford give us so that

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we may transform ourselves from technical men to full men?

THEY TURN out to be oddly halting and commonplace. After the thoughtful chapters of history, after a bold chapter which sketches the fearful future we must avoid, the two closing chapters do little more than throw together a number of pious proverbs. We are to love our neighbors, we should use our leisure better, we must not worship gadgets. Are these worthy but unorganized maxims really a fitting climax to Mr. Mumford's analysis? Are we really to be beckoned by the hope that "mountain tops once invaded by funiculars or motor roads will be cleared of these encumbrances, to give the aristocratic rewards of solitude and far horizons to those capable of earning them by their personal efforts?"

"World civilization will have its own tensions, difficulties, even perils, peculiar to itself," announces Mr. Mumford, "and the solution of these problems will call for political imagination of the highest order." But when we look for signs of this imagination, we find such amiable injunctions as "the flag of the United Nations should fly in every neighborhood, as a reminder of the greater community in which it functions." The flag too is cut on a familiar pattern: there may be "more than one uprising against the common decisions of the United Nations; and they may have to be summarily put down, by show of force if they are deaf to persuasion." This hardly promises a new transformation of man.

In short, Mr. Mumford's diagnosis is searching, but his cure is very flat. One could leave the matter there, and pay tribute to his book for what it is, an important work of analysis which goes no further. But it seems to me proper, as a tribute, to ask why it gets no further, and to offer a reason as I see it. The reason, I believe, lies in the sharp division which Mr. Mumford draws between the means and the ends of the civilization which is now evolving. The means of this civilization, the scientific skill and the technical apparatus, are already here, and are here to stay: this he grants. As he says, it is the ends which must be changed; and he has in mind a simple substitution which will replace competition by cooperation, suspicion by tolerance, and the daily black and white of mass-made work and leisure by a personal fulfillment.

All this is admirable doctrine: but then, who does not support it? And who is not convinced that his own ideal system—capitalism or socialism, the dogmas of the Church, the Koran or the Party—is the one strait jacket by which alone all this can be imposed on a technical civilization? Mr. Mumford's reasonableness is no more likely to impose the ends than is a bloody world crusade on behalf of one of these faiths; for his reasonableness is no more related to the modern means of man than is their unreasonableness.

By contrast, I believe that the evolution of our civilization, which Mr. Mumford rightly calls the next transformation of man, must grow out of the means which man has come to use. These technical means have been discovered by a small but world-wide community of men who have applied to physical nature the method of scientific enquiry and assessment. The cleft between their achievement and the backwardness of economic and political man is a cleavage of method and, more deeply, of outlook. The scientific method and outlook go back to one principle: that each man has the single responsibility to seek the truth (empirical and rational), to acknowledge it and to act on it. The cleavage today is not between materialism and high-mindedness; on the contrary, it is between the truth-seeking spirit and the lip-service to conventional absolutes.

Science is an attitude of mind with only one loyalty, to the truth, and in the search for this it recognizes no division between means and ends. The scientist undertakes not to deceive even himself (and no matter for what good end) in the most minute detail of procedure—a wave

FOG

You see, shore-hugging is neither surety
Nor earns salt pride braving the long sea-sweeps.
This came up in the dark while some of us
Bore on in our sleep. Was there
In the dog-watch already, hiding the dog-star.
We woke into it, rising from dreams
Of sea-farms slanting on cliffs in clear light
And white houses winking there—sweet landmarks
But no help to us at the helm. Hours now
We have been drifting. It would be near noon.
Feeling the tides fight under our feet
Like a crawling of carpets. Turning our heads
To pick up the cape bell, the hoots of the shoal horn
That seem to come from all over. Distrusting
Every direction that is simple, to shoreward. This
Landfall is not vouchsafed us for
We have abused landfalls, loving them wrong
And too timorously. What coastline
Will not cloud over if looked at long enough?
Not through the rings running with us of enough
Horizons, not wide enough risking,
Not hard enough have we wrought our homing.
Drifting itself now is danger. Where are we?
Well, the needle swings still to north, and we know
Even in this blindness which way deep water lies.
Ships were not shaped for haven but if we were
There will be time for it yet. Let us turn head,
Out oars, and pull for the open. Make we
For mid-sea, where the winds are and stars too.
There will be wrung weathers, sea-shakings, calms,
Weariness, the giant water that rolls over our fathers,
And hungers hard to endure. But whether we float long
Or founder soon, we cannot be saved here.

W. S. MERWIN

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length, a speck in a culture of bacteria, the failure of the remotest consequence of his theory to accord with fact. This homogeneity of outlook, this unity of belief with action, marks the scientific mind; and this is what we have to teach now, as simply as we teach reading and writing, so that it becomes a universal standard. Nothing else will do for the transformation of man.

The appeals to Plato, to Buddha and to the New Testament have demonstrably failed, because they continue to separate faith from fact, Sunday from workaday—because they give unto Caesar what is Caesar's, and unto the spirit only what is left. No such separation exists in the scientific spirit; and we see this today in the scrupulous preoccupation of scientists with Mr. Mumford's very problems. (There are four scientists on the board of editors of the series in which his book appears.) We have to make their unity of mind the central principle of all education now: in a technical civilization, there is no loophole through which action can slip away from belief, and means from ends. Only so can we make each man accept his responsibility to every man in his smallest action, and truly found the open society for which we all yearn.

Education on the East Front

CROSS OF IRON. By Willi Heinrich. Translated by Richard and Clara Winston. Bobbs-Merrill. $4.50.

THE TRAIN WAS ON TIME. By Heinrich Boell. Translated by Richard Graves. Criterion. $3.00.

By Kay Boyle

IT WAS the collapse of the military front which led to the disintegration of German national confidence, and it is logical that the two most powerful novels to come out of post-war Germany should have as plot and scene the retreat from Russia in 1943. The first is Theodor Plievier's *Stalingrad,* published in English in 1948, and the second is Willi Heinrich's *The Cross of Iron.* But, subject matter apart, they are as different as two books could be; for Plievier viewed all men, and their suffering, with intelligence and compassion, and Heinrich, writing in a prose that has the impact of machine-gun fire, does not see beyond his own sickening and Germanic blend of sentimentality and crass brutality. The German persecution of minorities, the German annihilation of the Jews of Europe, left the average German unscathed, but military disaster he understood. Victory had failed to reward him with a vision that saw beyond national aims and national boundaries to the wider area of all humanity. For that, it required defeat—but defeat on such a stupendous scale, of such nearly indescribable horror, that the German psyche will bear the scars for generations to come.

But for all Germans, the scars are not identical. Theodor Plievier's men were strengthened, enlightened, and frequently ennobled by what they endured, and one glimpses in *Stalingrad,* as the curtain descends on those who survive, a new world in which they might take their place. But in Heinrich's *Cross of Iron,* soldiers and officers alike disintegrate as men—with the exception of a few who can be counted on the fingers of one hand; through fear, through lust, through ambition, through greed, they shed the qualities of reasoning men to such a point that death seems a just disposal of them, however ghastly the form in which it comes. This disparity in the two records is not, as one might think, because one writer was a romanticist and the other a realist, but because the first writer possessed a vision that penetrated to deeper levels, while the second possesses none.

A few weeks ago I wrote in these columns that we listen in concern for the voices of men of character to be heard in post-war Germany, for the voices of men whom Emerson called "the conscience of the society to which they belong." I submitted that a Protestant pastor named Albrecht Goes had, in his *Burnt Offering,* recently published in this country, spoken gently, but with courage, of German moral responsibility, and I quoted from Wolfgang Borchert's book, *The Man Outside,* written in a Hamburg hospital in 1946, the year preceding his early death. (In Borchert's play, his longest piece of work, which is also included in that book, the background, the drama, the conviction, the terror, the anguished conscience, are all a part of the German collapse on Russian soil. Borchert's Corporal Beckmann says:

> Well, the general stands in front of his giant xylophone of human bones, and with his artificial arms beats out a march. Prussia's glory or the Badenweiler. But mostly he plays the "Entry of the Gladiators" and "The Old Comrades." . . . They rise up out of the steppes, one-eyed, one-armed, toothless, legless, with torn entrails, without skulls, without hands, shot through, stinking, blind. . . . And then I stand there before the millions of grinning skeletons, the wrecks and ruins of bone, with my responsibility, and number them off. But the fellows won't number! Their jaws jerk terribly, but they won't number. The General orders fifty knee-bends. The rotting bones rattle, lungs squeak, but they don't number. Is that not mutiny, sir? Open mutiny?)

Willi Heinrich's Corporal Rolf Steiner takes over his cut-off platoon from the wounded sergeant and leads it through the Russian lines to join up with the battalion. It is a story that carries the reader, shocked, outraged, protesting, but savagely held, from violent scene to scene. Steiner, with whom it seems apparent the author identifies himself, is psychopathic in his brutality, and he emerges as a far more romanticized and implausible figure than any of Plievier's enlightened and ennobled men. Aware of the need to make his hero convincing, Heinrich supplies an explanation which seems no more than a bit of plot machinery and fails to satisfy. Steiner has become what he is, Heinrich implies, because of the accidental death of the girl he loved, who slipped from his grasp on a snowy mountainside on an excursion before the war. Because his strength failed him as he sought to draw her back to safety, a callous

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covering was laid over Steiner's heart, sentiment turned to rancor in him, and his mettle was such that he became a legend to his men.

The real explanation for Steiner's crippled spirit lies elsewhere; perhaps in Heinrich himself, who writes with so keen a relish of violence that James Jones' and Norman Mailer's war books seem in comparison intellectualized romance. Perhaps the explanation is to be found in Steiner's absolute silence. Although he roars, screams, bawls, shouts, he does not speak. Plievier's hero, Vilshofen, says:

> And the vehicle is thundering along at full speed—past trees, telegraph poles, butts of houses, bleeding torsos, men with bandaged heads, suicides, women's hands clapped over tear-stained faces . . . and we ride and do not know where we are riding, what we are riding over, what is shrieking so loudly under the rims of our wheels. The Führer sits in the cab and cannot see, for the wind-shield has been made opaque by snow, dirt, bones, and the coagulated blood of the columns that gave one shriek of horror before they were run down. The Führer drives. . . . This is no nightmare; it is reality.

And Corporal Steiner, although he must have heard these things that Borchert's Corporal Beckmann and Plievier's Vilshofen said, remains completely silent. For Heinrich himself, who was born in 1920, was still a child when Hitler came to power, and he was nurtured on that hideous reality.

In each of these two books is a map of the terrain, and the maps are significant in themselves. The one in Plievier's book shows, at its lowest left-hand extremity, an arrow pointing the way to Rostov, which is off the page. The map in Heinrich's book places Rostov in its upper right-hand corner, as if it was intended by history that Heinrich carry on from the threshold where Plievier brought his story to a close. But Heinrich, who wrote *The Cross of Iron* a decade after Plievier's *Stalingrad* appeared, has not accepted that responsibility.

Look closely at Plievier's map and you will see two figures moving among the frozen corpses, walking over the bodies upon which wheels have passed again and again, so that now the icy surface of the road is "a mosaic of heads, hands, and faces." One of these figures is Vilshofen (who received word by radio that he had been, in the name of the glorious Fatherland, promoted to the rank of brigadier-general); the other is the grave-digger, Gnotke. The last scene is being played.

> *Vilshofen:* Look, Gnotke, beyond this abandoned battlefield and beyond this lost war gleam new battlefields and future theatres of war.
> *Gnotke:* I've had enough of that.
> *Vilshofen:* So have I.
> *Gnotke:* I don't know, sir, how we two can team up.
> *Vilshofen:* That's just what we have to find out; that's what **counts.**

Plievier himself adds: "That was what counted, that was what this pair had to do beneath the falling curtain, that was what they tried to clarify. It was not the end of a tragedy, but it was the close of an act." And beyond the final moment of that act, at the bridgehead on the Black Sea, Corporal Steiner may be seen relinquishing his tommy-gun only because he is lying on a stretcher with the blood running from his mouth. "I won't need it any longer," he says regretfully. Unlike Vilshofen, unlike the grave-digger, Steiner had not yet had his fill.

IN MY earlier review of contemporary German fiction, I asked in these columns if there is a place in Germany now for the individual and his lonely dreams, and my guess would now be that there is not if there are many Corporal Steiners around. But Heinrich Boell is clearly a perceptive individual, and his book, *The Train Was on Time,* is filled with lonely dreams. The year of which Boell writes is 1944, the retreat is still the climate, and the scene is first the interior of a troop train leaving Paris for Poland and the eastern front, and then a Polish brothel sixty kilometers behind the lines. The book is disappointingly frail for the matter with which it deals. The war is the same war that Plievier and Heinrich have written of, and the men are just as weary; but the sound of their ordeal is muted by the exquisite delicacy, almost the femininity of Boell's prose. Death is present, but we scarcely recognize its face. Lust is absent: the young and beautiful prostitute with whom Andreas, Boell's infantryman, a virgin still, spends his last night on earth, is as pure and ethereal as a ballet dancer moving through the half-dusk of *Les Sylphides.* It is a night of chastity that Boell describes, during which Andreas plays Beethoven on the piano for the pale, tender prostitute; and she, who has never been able to play Bach before, plays Bach for Andreas until the music is erected in the room in a "pure and powerful growing tower of sound." Yes, it is Theodor Plievier's and Willi Heinrich's war, but in the instant that Heinrich Boell describes there is so little blood about—even in the veins of Boell's characters—that it is a surprise to find it flowing on the last page. Even Andreas, whose death it presages, mistakes it for a moment for falling tears.

To Earth

I died but woke again
Lying on summer ground
Looking up through a tree
At sunlight in green leaves
Where speckle-dappled birds
Played the black branches.

When I was very young
I learned how black can shine
By husking beady seeds
Out of columbine pods:
Black mica or birds' eyes
Are not a shinier black.

Consider, furthermore,
That these are seeds outwhispering
Dry, dead urns—
And poured into the earth
Will ascend again
And descend like doves

In white and purple clusters
Every next spring's sun,
Hovering like small doves;
That Harlequin also
Is dappled: lives and dies
And lives—like us—and laughs.

Looking up through the tree
I saw all shining sun
Intermittent with leaves
No less than the bird-song
And buttress-branched across
As I had loved it most.

WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT

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The Future in Balance

By O. Edmund Clubb

SOMETHING Sir Francis Low says in the foreword to his *Struggle for Asia* makes a good point of departure for modern voyages of discovery into Asia: "Only by a thorough comprehension of Asian susceptibilities can the West make its most effective contribution to the attainment of that co-operation between East and West which is vital to the future of humanity as a whole."

BRIEF AUTHORITY. By Edwin F. Stanton. Harper. $4. Edwin F. Stanton began his U.S. Foreign Service career as a lowly "student interpreter" in the American Legation at Peking in 1921, and retired as Ambassador to Thailand in 1953. He served for twenty-seven years in China and Thailand alone. His personal reminiscences are even-tempered and entertaining, the narrative of a colorful career in what he rightly calls "an uncommon world."

THE GANDHI READER. Edited by Homer A. Jack. Indiana University Press. $7.50. At this moment, there are signs that Mahatma Gandhi's *satyagraha* ("truth-force" — which we describe more loosely as "passive resistance") may have been transplanted to the American South. Perhaps this growth is natural: it was Indian segregation in South Africa that ignited Gandhi's revolutionary idea.

WHAT THE UNITED STATES CAN DO ABOUT INDIA. By Eustace Seligman, New York University Press. $2.95. The thesis of the eminent lawyer-businessman can be put briefly: *understand* India. He endeavors to explain the Indian point of view on several international issues and proposes that, where Indian and American views conflict, the U.S. should re-assess its foreign policies and make appropriate changes. And what else is there to do? Give more material aid; and "we must join in the educational task of teaching the Indian masses the superiority of democracy over communism by giving to the Indians a true picture of the United States." Thus in the entirely commendable quest for understanding the writer has missed the essential spirit of today's India. It no longer looks to the West for guidance, but is bent on fashioning its destiny in an Asian pattern.

AT HOME IN INDIA. By Cynthia Bowles. Harcourt, Brace. $3. Cynthia Bowles was fifteen when she arrived in India with her father, Ambassador Chester Bowles. She sought friends in Indian school and Indian village, and recounts her experiences in a spirit of easy familiarity. Her narrative is "unsophisticated," if one will, but the young author learned the truth found by George Moore: "After all there is but one race—humanity."

AS I SEE INDIA. By Robert Trumbull. William Sloane Associates. $4. The *New York Times* correspondent in India for seven critical years, Robert Trumbull distilled a rich experience for this summing-up, and the result is good. Especially valuable is his description of the antecedents to the 1947 division of the sub-continent between India and Pakistan, the attendant disorders, and the problems today outstanding between the two countries. In an incisive chapter on "India's Foreign Policy and the U.S." the subject is brought directly home to us.

STRUGGLE FOR ASIA. By Sir Francis Low. Praeger. $3.50. It is very difficult for any writer to give balanced treatment to so complex a subject as Asia. Sir Francis Low, editor of the *Times of India* from 1932 to 1948, has succeeded admirably in doing so. With expert skill and broad knowledge, he depicts the East in its process of awakening, as the various manifestations appear in countries as removed from each other as Japan and Indonesia, the Philippines and Ceylon. There are excellent sections on China and India and the unstable balance between them. Notable are various historical occasions when statesmen have let slip the opportunity to make some timely adjustment that might have warded off the subsequent disaster. Low's argument is that "The real struggle is no tAsian nationalism *versus* the West; it is Asian nationalism *versus* Communism." But in so far as Western statesmen fail to comprehend the nature of Asia and its struggle, they may again, as they have by their blindness before, precipitate the very disaster they think to avoid.

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THEATRE IN GERMANY: III

Harold Clurman

THE anti-romanticism of such theatre people as Piscator and Brecht may be viewed, as I have done in my previous columns, not only as a function of their desire to educate in a time of trouble, but as a reaction against the ponderous pathos of the traditional German theatre. Both men aim at a certain dryness in the acting of their companies. The absence of a thick emotional tone is immediately noticeable in their productions.

This seems eminently justified in Piscator's version of Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, which I saw at the Schiller Theater in Western Berlin. This is a schematic piece which does not attempt to dramatize the novel. It seeks only to explain it and to draw some social conclusions from it. The treatment shocks those who expect the quality of the novel to be reproduced on the stage. (This would be a hopeless task in any case.) The dramatic critics in Paris and most of my American friends who saw it there at the International Theatre Festival hated it.

I have no quarrel with them on this account, yet I admired it. I admired it even though it isn't "my kind" of theatre, which I might define as reality through poetry or poetry through reality. The theatre, I believe, should not confine itself to any single type of entertainment. The theatre of emotion is fine, but there must also be a place for the "intellectual" theatre. Nor am I averse to propaganda—and do not consider that propaganda must necessarily fail to be art. The theatre can be creatively frivolous—and I do not often object when it is just frivolous. It can also be valuably "cold," mental, "bad," or mad; it is a domain of many mansions.

Piscator's *War and Peace* in which a great battle scene is projected (or demonstrated) by the use of toy soldiers placed on a geographical

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plan and in which an interlocutor explains, informs, argues, even addresses the play's characters and is answered by them, is a diagram of the novel. But it is handsomely and sometimes ingeniously drawn with a distinguished sense of the possibilities of the stage. That it is not conventionally stirring, that it is more lesson than epic, that it has little "flesh and blood," that it contains a minimum of (Russian) color or (Tolstoyan) humanity does not invalidate it for me as theatre.

I have heard it said by one of Piscator's detractors that he is more engineer than director, but that is only a left-handed way of indicating that he has technical genius. His mechanical inventions, however, always serve an artistic end. This is evident not only in his production of Buechner's *Danton's Death* (discussed earlier) but in his production of Faulkner's *Requiem for a Nun*.

When I read Faulkner's play I was certain that it would be unworkable. Most of the play is an exposition, through interminably long speeches, describing highly complex situations which have occurred off-stage. With the help of an excellent company, Piscator has made it absorbing. I am not sure I believe the story or trust either its psychology or morality, but I cannot deny that the play interested me. There is a concentration, a driving intensity—very much abetted by the stylized and yet surprisingly unobtrusive geometrical black and silver sets—which capture attention.

Piscator's craft has a certain intellectual and aristocratic elegance —like a highly civilized prose put to the uses of an ultra-rational twentieth century mind: radical, refined, aware of what may still be useful in the traditions of the past.

I HAVE hardly skimmed the surface of what may be enjoyed and studied in the German theatre—in Hamburg, Munich, Frankfurt and elsewhere. If I have gone to such lengths to report on the few plays I saw in Berlin, it is because they offer such striking contrast to what is done in New York, London and Paris. The contrast, moreover, is enlightening because what our theatre needs most of all (apart from different economic conditions and organization) is a knowledge of the theatre's enormous scope. Our theatre is earthbound by naturalism. (It is narrow even in this respect compared to the best of the modern novel.) A certain flabbiness affects us in the shape of a petty psychology devoid of ideas or historical perspective. And I refer not simply to the texts, but to the complete theatre.

We should seek greater maturity of feeling in the psychological play (most of our actors are kids), more fantasy, color, music, variety of movement, imagination. The rhetoric of the older plays is as essential as the silences of the modern ones. The mute byplay of actors is important: so, too, are eloquence and the projection of language through beautiful speech. I believe in the latter-day freedom of the actor, but also in the disciplines of strict forms. Our theatre is limited by a sentimental view of art (and life) which ends by becoming a technical limitation. I believe in passion in the theatre, but in thought as well. Both thought and passion may be lofty, serene, severe or hard as often as melting and tearful. You will find more concrete examples of the liberated theatre east of Paris than in any of the more familiar capitals.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

JOHN HUSTON'S *Moby Dick* so closely parallels the events in Melville's novel that it might well be a chronicle of the very voyage that impelled the novelist to his masterwork. The three mates are on hand — Flask, Stubb and Starbuck — and the three savage harpoonists. Ishmael gazes out from the masthead, the carpenter planes Queequeg's coffin planks by candle light, and the ivory-pegged captain paces the dark deck as the crew below listens in admiration and fear. The white whale is sighted, chased, lost, sighted again. The harpoons and the lances are driven home, Ahab flings himself to death on the hulk of his dying enemy, the beast turns on the "Pequod" and drives her under the sea, leaving only Ishmael to bring back the news. Countless such histories were brought back to the people of New Bedford.

The picture is scrupulously cast and performed with respect for the strength and courage of the sea hunters. Huston has no time for characterization at any depth, but he gives the men of the "Pequod" the grace of their terrible trade and stays quite clear of the quaintness that cheapens so many period films. His straight forward and uncluttered photography is shot in a subdued Technicolor that at last brings the spectrum down to a range that the mind will accept as true color.

This is good work and possibly it is as much of *Moby Dick* as can be transferred to the screen. Huston obviously was trying to convey more than the chronicle. Otherwise he would not have devoted a disproportionate space to the prophetic sermon on Jonah and God's will; nor have retained — when so much else is cut — Elijah's warning or Ahab's speech on the spirit of crippling evil he pursues through and behind the body of the white whale.

BUT WHAT he hopes to imply beyond the events does not really register — too much else has been jettisoned, the style of the picture is too circumstantial, the voyage too plainly a hunt, not a quest. And Ahab himself is so mishandled as to prevent the picture from reaching beyond a tale of high sensation. The sound of the captain overhead in the night, his closed cabin door, his sudden appearance to presage the first sighting of whales — these details begin to build an image that could be Melville's Ahab. But then Huston remembers the close-up and suddenly you are staring rudely into the twitching face of Gregory Peck.

It is not Peck's fault — he does what he is told to do, which is to roll up the whites of his eyes, break into a cold sweat and talk with a

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voice from the grave. The fault is in the Hollywood convention that emotion should be communicated by close-ups. Humor can be communicated so, and occasionally passive loveliness. But passion always evaporates in embarrassment when you can count the hairs in an actor's eyebrows. Actors have arms and legs, back and shoulders; they have been taught, or should have been, to move to more purpose than other men. These are the tools of their trade. But Hollywood sells faces — six feet high and two inches from your nose. An actor becomes a trademark and is robbed of the chance to create an idea. Ahab may have been a man possessed or he may have been a fallen angel; in any case, he was not one to be stared at like a lunatic in a cage. I don't know that Peck, or any other actor, could create the idea of Ahab, but given the courtesy of distance he might at least have suggested the "more" that Huston hoped his *Moby Dick* would contain.

RECORDS

B. H. Haggin

TOSCANINI'S delighted exclamation once, "It's like reading the score," as he listened to one of his recorded performances, is applicable to his performance of Strauss's *Till Eulenspiegel* with the NBC Symphony on Victor LM-1891. The comment expressed his basic principle that whatever was printed in the score must be heard distinctly in the sound of the performance; and listening to *Till* this time I was amazed by details I had never heard before—details which, now that they were heard, added greatly to the humorous effect of the piece. Moreover the performance gained in effectiveness from something else that was characteristic of Toscanini—the unfailing continuity and coherence of the progression in which the detail was so clearly heard. And as it happened the performance was reproduced with remarkable clarity and distinctness by recording which in fact placed the ear a little too close to the orchestra. Strauss's *Death and Transfiguration*, an inferior work, is on the reverse side.

The *Till* was made at a recording session; the Mendelssohn *Italian* Symphony on LM-1851 is one of the recordings Victor has obtained from Toscanini's broadcasts. As against the lightness, suavity and refinement of orchestral execution and sonority that made Koussevitzky's performance of this piece the marvel it was, Toscanini's performance gives it sharpness of inflection, energy and tension. I think Koussevitzky's was the more suitable treatment of this music; but Toscanini's is an exciting experience. The bright clarity and clean definition of the recorded sound of the finale testify to the absence of the "enhancement" that produces the brasher "brilliance" up above and the confused rumble down below in the first movement. On the reverse side is Mendelssohn's dull *Reformation* Symphony.

The 1951 Rossini *Semiramide* Overture that Victor issued on LRM-7054 is exciting, but reveals points of inferiority when compared with Toscanini's miraculous 1936 performance with the New York Philharmonic (a monument to their association which, with the similar *Italiana in Algeri* Overture, should be reissued on LP). One isn't surprised to hear the introduction played faster and without the relaxed expansiveness of the 1936 performance; but one is shocked when, in the Allegro, the violin phrases leading to the recapitulation are inflected without the energy and sustained tension they have in the earlier performance. In addition the new performance comes off the record without the solidity and impact of the sound of the earlier one. Victor has been issuing not only new recordings but new versions of previously issued ones; and the reverse side of LRM-7054 has the *William Tell* Overture originally on LRY-9000, whose beautiful sound on that record is now "enhanced" by the false gloss and brightness of the cellos and the shallowness of the full orchestra.

New recordings and new versions of old ones were also combined on LM-1834, an absurd hodge-podge absurdly titled *Toscanini Plays Your Favorites*. On the one hand new recordings of superb performances of Beethoven's *Egmont* and Berlioz' *Roman Carnival* Overtures, the latter with spacious, solid sound in the introduction which becomes compressed, shallow and lower in volume-level in the Allegro. And on the other hand new versions of the previously issued *Dance of the Hours* and the *Zampa* Overture—the first, which escaped "enhancement" on LRM-7005, now with cellos made unnaturally glossy and bright and the full orchestra made shallower, less solid, less clean; the second, which was given a raucous "brilliance" by "enhancement" on LRM-7014, now made even worse. Sibelius' *Finlandia* and several Brahms Hungarian Dances also are on the record. And I should add that I object only to the mixture of genres on the one record, not to Toscanini's concerning himself with *Dance of the Hours* and the *Zampa* Overture: I know no more impressive and fascinating demonstrations of his powers than what his exquisite taste in molding a phrase, his grace, his feeling for continuity of impetus, tension and shape made of these two "pop" pieces.

Another such demonstration is provided by the *Poet and Peasant* Overture, processed from a 1943

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broadcast, that is in LM-6026, a second hodge-podge titled more appropriately *Toscanini Omnibus*. Its additional new recordings gave us at last Toscanini's famous performance of Berlioz' "Queen Mab" Scherzo from *Romeo and Juliet*, this one processed from a 1951 broadcast which reproduced the delicate sounds of the antique cymbals in the last section much too loudly; a powerful new *Forza del Destino* Overture; a fine *Euryanthe* Overture; and a Berlioz *Rakoczy March* processed from a 1945 broadcast, with the tight 8H sound given artificial resonance. And the new versions of previously issued recordings included the *Carmen* Suite without the raucous "enhancement" of LRM-7013—which for a moment raised hopes that Victor might be beginning to undo the damage to Toscanini's recordings. But the Allegro of the *Mignon* Overture, though the artificial echo of LRM-7013 is removed and the reduced bass is restored, now has the treble excessively peaked. Similarly, the *Oberon* and *Freischütz* Overtures are spared "enhancement" now as they were on LRM-7028; but the *Don Pasquale* Overture has a coarsening artificial echo it didn't have on 7028; and the beautiful sound which the *Hänsel und Gretel* Overture had on LRM-7014 now exhibits a false gloss and occasional distortion up above and a loss of solidity down below. A couple of inconsequential pieces by Catalani that Toscanini liked are included.

LM-6020, *Toscanini Conducts Wagner*, also combined new and old. The new recordings gave us Toscanini's overwhelming performances of the Prelude to *Tristan* and "Siegfried's Death" from *Die Götterdämmerung* and a lovely *Siegfried-Idyll;* the previously issued performances included the Preludes to Acts 1 and 3 of *Lohengrin*, the Preludes to Acts 1 and 3 of *Die Meistersinger*, the Prelude and "Good Friday Spell" of *Parsifal*, the "Rhine Journey" from *Die Götterdämmerung* — with the beautiful sound of the "Good Friday Spell" on LM-15 and the Preludes to Act 1 of *Lohengrin* and Act 3 of *Die Meistersinger* on LRM-7029 now "enhanced" by a slight gloss on top and lessened solidity down below.

LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)

are Republicans; and it is clear that in any event, the main Democratic drive has been to increase Air Force expenditures, and one of the principal points of Mr. McWilliams' article was that small business gets less of the Air Force dollar than that of the other services. Finally, it would be hard to link Senator Symington, Governor Harriman, Mr. Finletter and the other big-budget Democrats to small business.

Small business can play a vital role in maintaining a vigorous, competitive, and democratic economy. That small business finds itself in a poor competitive position after the greatest boom in the nation's history is symptomatic of a problem which *The Nation* should explore fully.

Norman Redlich

New York City

. . . And an Answer

The Democratic Party's insistence on increasing appropriations for the Air Force does, of course, indicate that it is responsive to some big-business pressures as well as pressures from small business and labor. And it well may be that, in other periods, the decisive pressure for increased arms appropriations came from the big businesses that were the prime beneficiaries. For example, during the years 1940-1945 General Motors delivered to the government products valued at twelve billion dollars —more than our total lend-lease to the USSR. But at the moment big business, as I suggested, can afford to be somewhat more philosophical than small business about defense orders. G.M.'s statement covering the first quarter of 1956 shows defense sales of $132 million, equivalent to about 4.3 per cent of total sales for the period. Defense business in 1955 represented 7 per cent of total sales, but in 1952 and 1953 it was about 19 per cent, and in 1954 approximated 14 per cent. Actually, new products assigned to G.M. during the period January 1, 1953, to September 30, 1955, had a value of only sixteen million dollars, less than 1 per cent of total orders for the period. During this same period, G.M. received cancellation notices totaling $584 million. When related to Secretary of Defense Wilson's recent statements on the military budget, these figures would indicate that G.M. has not figured actively in the current pressure for increased arms appropriations.

Carey McWilliams

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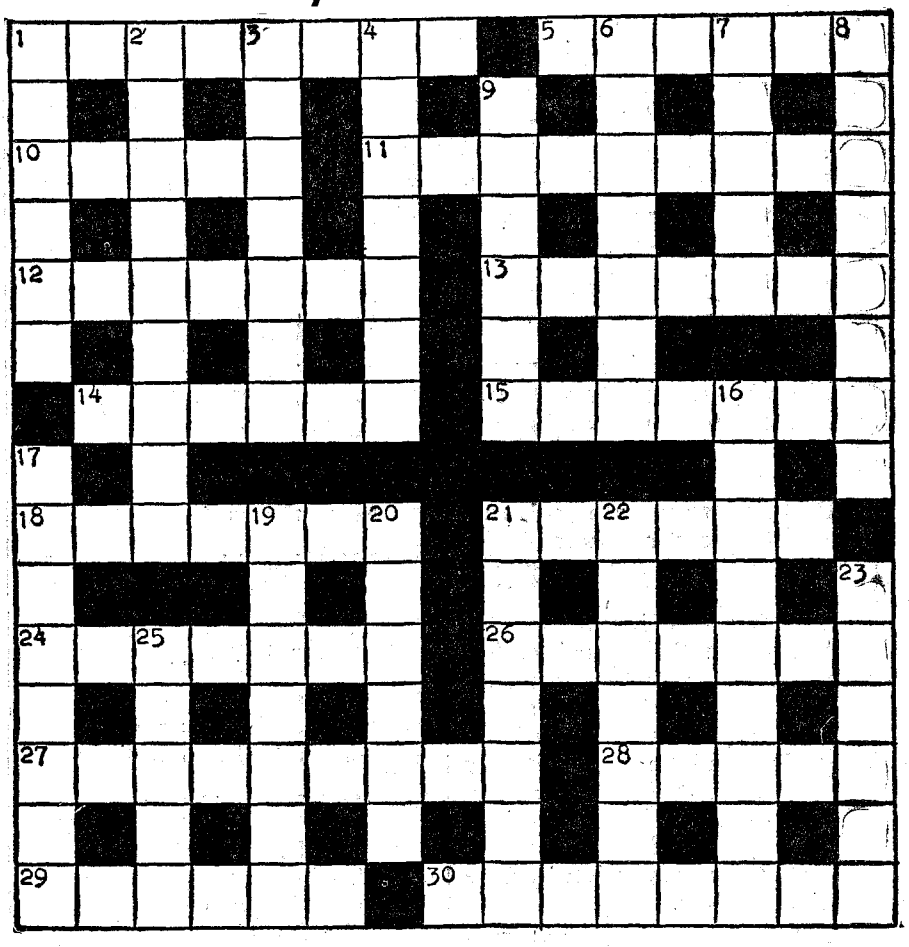
Crossword Puzzle No. 680

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Gives evidence, perhaps, of southern cooking in the depression. (8)
5 Not the prettiest part of the Impromptu Gliere wrote. (6)
10 Certainly not an old pioneer! (5)
11 A feature in steam that makes the shop worker. (9)
12 When you find a broken pail in one, it's like stone. (7)
13 4 down when not this might suggest a church dignitary. (7)
14 Burns, superficially. (6)
15 Looks around the inside, and gets excited. (7)
18 I more than comply with the order of such games. (7)
21 A case of flight, no doubt. (6)
24 Shingles should, where some might put a napkin. (7)
26 If he finds something wrong, there may be no 30 and 4. (7)
27 Underdoes, as a plumber might have done the second time. (9)
28 I'd not be responsible for it, as one says. (2, 3)
29 One of Dickens' more healthy creations? (6)
30 and 4 down Represented by shavenix and shaveneven? (6, 2, 7)

DOWN

1 The Englishman might consider it boring nonsense, when deteriorating. (3, 3)
2 Too bad it's about all Ur can produce in the way of more votes. (9)
3 Is horsing around so irritating? (7)
4 See 30 across
6 Most of this iron is a problem. (7)
7 His love for Hera had him going around in circles. (5)
8 The harsh fate of a team without the Babe? (8)
9 Set flying by Tennyson's bugle. (6)
16, 22 and 17—Does this place at present lead to a teenager's future perfect? (4, 5, 3, 4, 8)
17 See 16 down
19 Head Indian, but certainly not clean. (7)
20 Broken canine tooth displayed by little angels. (6)
21 Chemical aids can make it, but one might have to go to extremes in Norway and Sweden to get it. (7)
22 See 16 down
23 Minos was in a trance, obviously. (6)
25 Stand like a fish around it. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 679

ACROSS: 1 BONNET; 5 ALLEGES; 10 APERTURES; 11 BRILL; 12 ITALIAN; 13 PARAGON; 14 and 7 down GOING, GOING, GONE; 16 UNDERDONE; 18 CUL-DE-SACS; 20 FIEND; 22 RIGGERS; 24 ARRIVES; 26 FABLE; 27 VERDIGRIS; 28 SWEATER; 29 DAHLIA. DOWN: 2 OPERA; 3 NETTING; 4 TARANTULA; 5 AESOP; 6 LABORER; 8 SILENCE; 9 PAVING; 15 ILLEGIBLE; 17 DESPAIRED; 18 CARAFES; 19 ELEMENT; 20 FURBISH; 21 DESIST; 23 SEVER; 25 VERDI.

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